

ANCIENT ST. IVES.

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As I was going to St. Ives  
I met a man with seven wives,

How many were there going to St. Ives  
So deep and lasting are the impressions

In truth, no man, woman or child was  
with the white and circling high

But I knew the ancient city lay behind  
the hill, and gulch, and gulchering road.

There are pictures and pictures of the Bay of Naples. But were I an artist,

Before you, the silent shimmering ba-

One could almost hurl a stone across the lake and not hit anything.

Then, when you have reached something

And then in what odd nooks the litt

If you come at last through this lab,

Gray and old as is this Cornish fish, it has a bite of extreme antiquity.

The parish church, built straight abo

Some stone carvings and a most beaut

If these wood carvings are curious  
 these in stone are equally

The stranger will be impressed with the location of the soil of the

History, tradition and legend have carved

During the dinner the portrieve heard

"What say you, master portrieve?"

"Then," said the commissioner, turning

Great was the olden fame of St. Ives as

These boats are all two masted, lug

During August they will be found along

As nearly as can be described the pil-

On sighting a school of pilchards the

Shooting the seines is so rapidly done at

The St. Ives fisher folk are noted for

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.



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